SILENCE AND HARD WORK AT REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS

WAITING AT HEADQUARTERS.

The policy of the Russo-Japanese war prevails at the headquarters of the Republican national committee in Madison Square. People walk about on tiptoes and when they meet converse with caution. One involuntarily looks around for a sign reading, "No Talking for Publication."

Even the tanks of ice water, scattered about with munificent disregard of cost, have painted on them the words "Still Water," and whenever any of the party leaders feels the undesired thrill of approaching speech he hurries toward one of them and imbibes copiously.

The interviewer and the artist for THE SUNDAY SUN started in to spend an hour at headquarters. The hour was designed to be filled with little items of news handed out with the same lavishness that marks the distribution of ice water. The artist took an extra large sketch book so that no feature of the party should be lost and the interviewer added an inch of white cuff to her equipment.

The hour lengthened into a day. The reason for this was apologized for and explained a number of times. All the passages that led into Chairman Cortelyou's room, where the principal machinery revolved, were sealed up at that particular time, while he talked to Gov. Odell.

Meanwhile the visitors looked about the rooms trying to find out where the rumor started in regard to the magnificent furnishing of the rooms devoted to the national committee. If unlimited bunting, gilt eagles built as to their extremities like dachshunds and an uncountable number of President Roosevelt's photographs constitute a magnificent interior, then the rumor is properly based.

Secretary Coolidge displayed the photographs with pride. There were large ones and small ones; photographs in ebonized frames and posters, portraits full face, half and three-quarters, pictures showing him hobnobbing with Uncle Sam and without Uncle Sam.

"The President," he said, "is a hard man to photograph. It is almost impossible to get a satisfactory picture—as you see," waving expansively at the art gallery.

These samples furnished conclusive evidence, if any were needed, of President Roosevelt's determination. Another and weaker man might have given up the struggle, but not the President. "Fall to rise, baffled to fight on," he must have said, and boldly faced another camera. There is no doubt that before election day a photograph that will suit the national committee will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, it will have to be satisfied with the threescore and ten on hand.

In Secretary Cortelyou's room, a sacred region invaded later on, in addition to the bunting, the photographs and the regular reception room furniture, are a metal elephant and a chair tied with the cunningest little bows of ribbon and ornamented with one picture of all the Presidents of the United States, another picture of President Roosevelt alone and an inscription telling that it was the chair of Gov. Roosevelt at the Republican national committee at Philadelphia, in June, 1900, when he was nominated for Vice-President.

Stripped of the cunning little bows and the lithographs, the chair is a very crude affair and very small. President Roosevelt must have had a very uncomfortable time at that convention.

But stranger articles than chairs are used by political parties for campaign documents, as history testifies. Added to the usual documents in this particular case is an almost unlimited supply of buttons to pin all over the clothes, with the President's face thereon, and of watchfobs which bear a close resemblance to brass baggage checks, and proclaim the faith of the wearers.

In the room of one of the various committees they were having a conference in regard to other ornaments to be used as campaign emblems. Many samples had been sent in, and one depicting the President in miniature form in the heart of a canton-flannel rose, with green leaves as background, was viewed rather favorably.

Secretary Louis Coolidge was interrogated about these emblems.

"What is the direct connection between all these buttons and badges, watchfobs and canton-flannel roses and the success at election?"

He was asked if a great deal of money was not expended in their purchase. To the latter question he answered "Yes" without hesitation.

"You would be amazed at the amount of money that is expended in this way," he said.

"We have to have bushels of pins and buttons and emblems of all kinds to be distributed. Just what good they do it would be hard to tell. The idea among the leaders seems to be that the more people wear them the more general will be the impression that the party is in the majority."

"But," it was pointed out, "at the distance of six inches all emblems look alike. Who could tell, for instance, on passing any one on the street, or elsewhere, that the face in that flannel rose was not Parker's instead of Roosevelt's?"

Secretary Coolidge admitted that that was another phase of the subject, and then Secretary Hitchcock coming in announced that the conference with Gov. Odell was still on.

"If there is any question you would like to ask me, I will answer it," said he, ably supported on one side by Secretary Coolidge and on the other by the tank of ice water.

"Very well. What is the conference with Odell about?"

"Well, of course, that question——"

"What do you do with the surplus that is left over when your work here is completed?"

"The surplus?" The spectacles of Secretary Coolidge stood on end.

"Why, we never heard of a surplus. I really don't know what we would do in such a case—it is so unprecedented. I don't suppose that question has ever come up."

"Well, if there never has been a surplus there must have been a deficit; it isn't possible that things always come out even. What do you do about the deficit?"

"In that case, the Republican party is full of good Samaritans."

"You think that President Roosevelt would be terribly disappointed if he were not elected?"

"I don't suppose the President ever thinks of any other than a successful campaign, any more than we do."

"That accounts for the atmosphere of serenity?"

"You will like to see a campaign of invective?"

"Something like that."

"A woman came in the other day and asked if this was to be a campaign of calumny or education. We didn't know what she meant, and she didn't seem to know herself, but I presume that is the feminine idea of an election—something exciting."

"Well, a little more exciting than this."

One of the leaders who had been busily engaged in carefully separating postage stamps from one another, so that the pinked edges of each should be intact, here sighed deeply at the completion of his task. He rose, stretched himself and took off his coat. Then he resumed his seat, but not his work.

"I hope," said Secretary Hitchcock, "that you don't think we take things easily here; not at all. I give you my word we are hard workers. Why we even work far into the night; many a time and oft have I burned the midnight carbon at my desk. We may be confident, but we don't slip any oogs."

The interviewer persisted in her original line.

"Now, if Cleveland had been nominated on the other ticket, what difference would it have made?"

"Well, I really think the campaign would have been more exciting. You see, Cleveland is a man with strong friends and bitter enemies. Parker, on the contrary, is not. The questions of personality and of record would have come in then."

"What have the women done in this campaign?"

"One of them came in a while ago and insisted on singing campaign songs. Of course, it disorganized us for a while, but we got over it. As a general thing I may say that the women have helped us a good deal, particularly here in New York."

"What have they done?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, you mean——"

"Exactly."

"Then you don't think that sometimes women influence men's votes; that, for instance, if you should promise to remove that duty on imported gowns you might get some more ballots? You know, of course, that only to allow a hundred dollars worth of new clothes to people arriving from abroad is absurd. It's a blot on the respectable scutcheon of the Republican party."

"I don't think we can promise to change the tariff; it may be adjusted." Then as a happy inspiration came, "You have heard the story of the woman who asked her husband who this Mr. Tariff was that the people are talking about?"

The interviewer turned her attention to Secretary Coolidge, who is directly interested in the literary bureau.

"Will you tell us why the stuff that is sent out in a campaign is called literary? Has literature done anything to politics that it should be so misrepresented?"

Secretary Coolidge admitted that this was one of the huge jokes of the campaign.

"We have to call it something," he said. "We send out tons of it. The literary bureau is one of the busiest departments at headquarters. We have to keep the whole country supplied. How do we get it? Some of it is written right here, some sent in and some selected by the staff from material at hand.

"We have a regular cartoon service, too. We buy these cartoons that come in from all over the country. Sometimes we just buy the suggestions for them and have them sketched."

"How do you account for the fact that women like the President?"

"His life. He stands for so much in that respect—all the clean, domestic virtues."

"Do you receive many funny suggestions by mail?"

"Hundreds of them. This morning I had a letter from an old gentleman, over 80, from Washington State, who offered, if I thought it necessary, to come back East and vote, as he couldn't vote there. I wrote him I guessed we didn't need him.

"Then another came from a man out West who had the greatest scheme yet. This was to start country newspapers all over the United States; they were to be edited by country schoolma'ams so as to avert suspicion, but just as soon as they got under way they would come out strong for Roosevelt. He said that if we approved and would back the scheme, in less than a week he would have over 8,000 papers and 8,000 schoolma'ams on our side.

"I wrote him I guessed it was a little too late for his idea, good as it was."

It was at this moment that Chairman Cortelyou sent word that he could be looked at.

"Looked at" is the correct term. You can look at him, but you can't talk to him; at least, if you do he won't answer. He says he won't talk, because he doesn't believe it is a wise thing for the leaders in a campaign to talk about it.

A reference was made to the policy of secrecy followed in the Eastern war. He nodded approval of it. Then it was argued, as eloquently as a tired interviewer could argue, that while the conduct of a war might be hampered by much talk, a political campaign, which really represented talk, might be hampered by silence, that it was like "Hamlet" minus *Hamlet*.

He did not agree with this at all. His idea is that as there are people hired to talk in a campaign, and plenty of people who will talk, it is the wise and diplomatic leader who keeps quiet.

Chairman Cortelyou is a handsome man. He has broad shoulders, with hair and mustache that match the raven's wing, or would if there were a raven instead of a gilt eagle to use as comparison.

His manner is courtly. He waves one into and out of a chair with a grace that would do justice to a Vere de Vere. But with the Metropolitan Museum filled with rare treasures of marble Apollos and marble Narcisuses, it seems a long time to spend—four hours—to view the marble chairman of the Republican national committee.

According to one of his aides, Chairman Cortelyou has the gift not only of remembering names and faces in a phenomenal degree, but also of sizing up his visitors. While the interviewer and the artist sat in their respective chairs, a matter of five minutes, the chairman disposed of half a dozen assorted varieties of voters who came in. Judging from the faces of the invaders as they went out they had forgotten the reason of their invasion and were wondering as to their departure.

Having accomplished his eviction act with a grace and despatch that defied criticism, Chariman Cortelyou turned over interviewer and the artist to one of his aides, who was competent to answer any question without giving information. This is the thirty-third degree of perfection in the national committee.

There is one subject, however, that is expansively treated, and that relates to the hard work that is done there. All the leaders connected with the committee are hard workers. Gov. Murphy comes over every day in the week but one, which he has to reserve for his own work; Cornelius Bliss, Mr. Ward—there is no one but does his part and does it conscientiously and well.

In Secretary Coolidge's room again the question was asked as to the particular feature which differentiated this campaign from its predecessors.

"I believe," was the answer, "that we are conducting the most businesslike campaign we have ever had. Everything is on a strictly commercial basis. In many of the other campaigns, the campaign literature, for instance, was printed by the cartload and sent broadcast through the country anywhere, everywhere. No one kept a close watch on it.

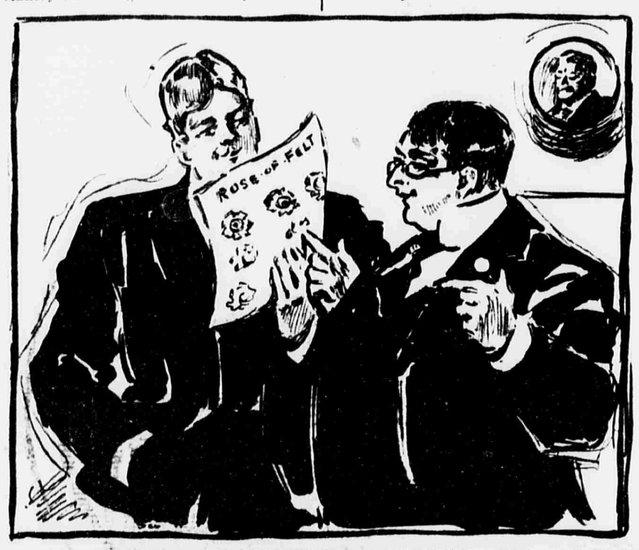
"Now we know where every pamphlet goes and can estimate that branch of expense. It is the same everywhere—we allow no margin of expenditure. It is not an emotional campaign—it is a business campaign."

"And the interest of it to the men who are working here?"

"It is the interest that attaches to every problem. We come in here at the beginning of the canvass and see the very beginning; we watch it grow day by day; employees are added, suggestions are followed, the staff gets bigger and bigger, its influence expands through the country; we are in touch with this place, that and the other.

"It is like the working out of a tremendous problem. Then in a couple of months it is all over, the desks are closed down, the men discharged, the problem is solved and there is nothing else to do."

STILL WATERS.



MR. COOLIDGE AND MR. HITCHCOCK DISCUSSING THE CAMPAIGN BUTTON.

PAUL MORTON A SECRETARY OF THE NAVY OF A NEW TYPE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—Paul Morton, the present Secretary of the Navy, is the youngest and breeziest and most hustling Cabinet officer that Washington has seen in many a long day. Mentally and physically he is strong and vigorous and enthusiastic, his eyes see beneath the surface of things, his mind moves with the ease and speed and precision of well oiled machinery, and mental poise and business balance regulate his every act. In short, Mr. Morton is considered by those who have come into official and personal contact with him to be a fair type of that class of American business man who inevitably come to deal with the big affairs, whose work molds and shapes the industrial and commercial destiny of the United States, and who, on call, are found to be abundantly qualified by nature and experience to leave their varied walks in life and join the crew of the ship of state.

It is evident at this time that Secretary Morton's entrance into the President's official family is coming to be appreciated for just what it means.

As a railroad man Mr. Morton's record speaks for itself. From office boy at $30 a month to the vice-presidency of a great railroad system at $30,000 a year is a pretty steep climb, and the man who is the present head of the Navy Department made it unaided by any effort save his own.

Already it has become apparent that under the Morton régime there will be a business administration of the Navy Department. The executive ability and business sense which made Mr. Morton and helped him to make his railroad system—the Santa Fé—what it is to-day have already had a marked effect upon the great branch of the Government over which he presides. Hardly a day passes but a ton or so of red tape is shorn from departmental routine and dumped in the basement. There will be no use for it under the Morton rule.

Departmental superiors who formerly stored the knowledge required of them in the heads of subordinates are finding out things for themselves. Mr. Morton intends to know all he can about the interior mechanism of the Navy Department, and he expects his immediate subordinates to do the same.

He doesn't believe in letting anything drift along for a week if it can be settled in a day. He keeps the work before him up to date if he has to go without his meals and sit up half of the night to do it. He expects no less of his assistants. He believes in short cuts instead of roundabout methods; he considers facts and figures vastly superior to theories and fancies.

Mr. Morton is still a young man—a very young man if his appearance alone is considered. To the man who meets him for the first time the Secretary appears to be between 30 and 35, certainly not a day more than the latter figure. But, according to the family Bible at Arbor Lodge, the Morton home in Nebraska, he is 47 and a grandfather. His worst enemy certainly couldn't accuse him of looking the part.

As his friends sometimes say, "Paul is not a pocket edition." The Secretary stands 6 feet 2½ inches in his stockings, his shoulders are square and wide, his waist slim, and his chest is deep and round. He weighs nearly 200 pounds, every ounce bone and muscle, and carries it as easily as a prize fighter in ring trim.

Incidentally Mr. Morton's physical energy is a constant source of wonder and delight to the watchmen and other employees of the Navy Department. Some of the men stationed at the entrance door have watched Secretaries of the Navy come and go daily for three decades. They have seen middle aged and elderly gentlemen descend from their carriages in front of the main entrance of the building, proceed leisurely and with dignity, and sometimes difficulty, up the long flight of stone steps to the door, and thence up the high, winding stairs to the office of the Secretary of the Navy, on the second floor. Mr. Morton seldom uses his Government carriage, and up to now no one has been found who has seen him ascend either the outside or the inside steps at a slower rate than two at a time.

The first morning that Mr. Morton entered the Navy Department after being sworn in, he was in a sure enough hurry. He went by the watchmen at the main entrance like one of his own limited trains, and by the time the astonished guardians had recovered their breath he was in his private office, on the floor above, looking over his mail, with not even a quickened heart beat or respiration to testify to his haste and exertion.

Another expression that Mr. Morton's friends use in speaking of him is that he is "a hog for work." Just how true this is the employees of the Navy Department didn't know until they found that the new Secretary, when work pressed, occasionally reached his desk at 7.30 A. M., and sometimes returned to the Department after dinner in the evening to finish up his work, in order that he might start in the next morning with a clean slate.

It is no unusual thing for Mr. Morton's private secretary to work with him until 6 o'clock in the evening and not leave until the Secretary has gone to his home and work for the day has been finished, only to find, when he comes down to the Department at 8:30 the next morning, that Mr. Morton has been there before him and left a pile of memoranda on his desk. Often that same private secretary has wondered whether Mr. Morton doesn't sometimes sleep at the Navy Department.

There have been a number of criticisms of the President's selection of a Secretary of the Navy, owing principally to the fact that Mr. Morton was a railroad man, from an inland State, and couldn't be expected to know much about naval affairs. But Mr. Morton isn't worrying a great deal over such objections. With his characteristic love for detail, he looked the matter up and found that since the time of Gideon Welles, who was Secretary of the Navy during the civil war, not a single man who has held the portfolio had a previous thorough knowledge of naval affairs.

Mr. Morton is certainly no worse off than a certain Secretary of the Navy of former days, who, shortly after his appointment to office, paid his first visit to a ship of war, and on stepping aboard, exclaimed in the greatest astonishment:

"Why, the durned thing is hollow."

Mr. Morton is authority for the statement that he knew "the durned thing was hollow," before he left his office on the Santa Fé system to became a Cabinet sailor. In fact, he made up his mind long ago about some features of general naval policy. Not long after the announcement of his selection to be Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Morton was entertained at dinner by the Merchants' Club of Chicago, and although, as he himself acknowledges, he is not a speechmaker, he expressed himself as follows:

The American Navy should be the most formidable in existence. Special attention must be given to the efficiency of those who man and officer warships. The best fighting machine afloat without this efficiency would be useless in this age of practical preparedness.

There cannot be too much manœuvring or target practice. The men who handle the big guns must be prepared to shoot and must learn to hit what they shoot at. Quite as important as all these is the esprit de corps that shall touch and enthuse every man from the Admiral down to the jack tar.

High officers of the service say that Mr. Morton's views on questions of naval policy are as sound as a dollar. They explain, for the benefit of those who think that the new Secretary's reference to "the most formidable navy in existence" means that he would urge the expenditure of vast sums of money, that the Secretary, had he elaborated his remarks at that dinner, would have said that "most formidable" did not mean the navy with the greatest numerical strength, but the one in the state of greatest efficiency and practical preparedness. Mr. Morton believes that three vessels well handled and fought are worth six miserably mismanaged and with only half hearted battle spirit.

In his own business Mr. Morton knows that a railroad with plenty of rolling stock and splendid equipment can't handle its maximum amount of freight and passengers and continue without accident and pay dividends if it is mismanaged at the top and ill manned at the bottom. To the navy he has applied the general principles of his knowledge derived from years of experience in railroad work. The most efficient navy, in his mind, is the most formidable, and during the period that he remains at the head of the Navy Department he will devote all his energies to making the naval force of the United States comply with his ideas of what efficient and formidable mean.

Incidentally, it can be announced for the first time, on high authority, that in the event of President Roosevelt's election to a second term, Mr. Morton will remain in his Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. There has been an apparently general impression that Mr. Morton accepted the Navy portfolio with the idea of remaining in the Cabinet, in any event, only until March 4, 1905. This, it has been learned, is entirely erroneous.

Mr. Morton believes in doing what he has to do as well as he can. He is too practical and farsighted a man to think for a moment that in the brief time now remaining before inauguration day he can master the details of his new office and put into effect the plans for progress and reform that he may have formulated or have in mind. Consequently, if President Roosevelt continues in office so will Mr. Morton, and with the natural ambition of a young and vigorous man of his type, he hopes to leave an impress upon the Navy Department and the naval service that will remain long after he has returned to his temporarily interrupted lifework and become a railroad man again.

Almost every high official of the Navy Department has some little story to tell o the Secretary's lightninglike decisions and conclusions. He usually supplements his first impressions on any subject by a system of interrogation that is calculated to make the former Chinese Minister to the United States—who had a reputation as a cross-examiner—seem like a bashful school boy.

"Why?" is his great question. He meets all statements with this extremely simple but very effective interrogation, and as a high navy officer remarked the other day:

"After the Secretary had fired twenty-one 'whys?' at me in rapid succession I didn't know whether I was talking about battleships or submarines. He seemed to understand, though, so I guess it was all right."

A little incident that occurred at the Navy Department the other day is good evidence of the way Mr. Morton exercises his almost womanly intuition. Samuel W. Bogan, the son of a well known physician of Washington, called at the Navy Department and asked to see Mr. Morton. The young man had absolutely no political influence and he had been trying for three years to get a commission in the Marine Corps. The Secretary granted him an interview.

"Mr. Morton," said the young man, "I've been trying to get in the Marine Corps for almost four years. I can't get anybody to back me up, but I am very much in love with the service and I would try mighty hard to make a good officer and serve the United States well."

The Secretary looked the young applicant over from head to foot—Bogan afterward said he felt as if somebody had turned an X-ray apparatus on him—and asked:

"Were you ever designated before?"

"No, sir," said Bogan.

"I'll designate you to-morrow," said the Secretary, laconically, as he turned to his desk again.

Later in the day a visitor called to see the Secretary and happened to remark that he was pleased with Bogan's designation.

"What kind of a boy is he?" asked the Secretary.

"Clean-cut, intelligent and as good as they come," he was told.

"Knew it when I looked at him," said Mr. Morton. "Didn't have any political influence, but then we need good men in the Marine Corps just the same."

Although it was announced only a few months ago that Mr. Morton had allied himself with the Republican party, as a matter of fact he has not been identified with the Democrats since the second Cleveland administration, in which his father, the late J. Sterling Morton, was Secretary of Agriculture. Paul Morton was never a politician in any sense of the word, but when the Bryan campaign was inaugurated he followed his father and other leading men of the party in a bolt against free silver. Since that time Mr. Morton has not supported the Democratic ticket and has had no leanings in that direction. As a personal friend of the new Secretary once remarked:

"Mr. Morton is too active a man to be allied with a passive party, and he long ago came to the conclusion that he wanted to get into a party that does things."

When Mr. Morton was elected an alternate to the Republican national convention, the fact was generally accepted as the first indication of his falling away from Democracy. But as a matter of fact he had been a Republican for a good seven or eight years previously.

J. Sterling Morton had four sons, Joy, two years older than Paul; Mark, one year younger than Paul, and Carl, who died three years ago. Paul is the only one of the three living sons who really enjoys the life of a man of affairs. Joy and Mark are happiest when they are back at Arbor Lodge, away from the cares of business.

Paul, however, says he finds very few attractions in the life of a "gentleman farmer," and that fact really led him into the railroad business. When he was 16 he left his home and secured a place as clerk in the Burlington and Missouri Railroad at Burlington.

From May, 1873, to December, 1874, he was a clerk in the freight office of the road at Plattsmouth, Neb., and from the latter date to June, 1878, he filled successively the positions of clerk, rate clerk and general clerk in the freight department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy at Chicago. He never stopped climbing upward, and in the latter part of 1878 was made assistant general freight agent.

In October, 1886, much against his will, he was made the general passenger agent, retaining this position until May 25, 1888. During the latter period the great strike of the engineers and firemen of the road occurred, paralyzing 4,000 miles of railroad. It was the longest and most bitterly contested conflict between labor and capital that had occurred in the United States up to that time, and it was largely due to Mr. Morton's influence that his road kept up the fight and finally won a substantial victory. The fight cost the road between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, but time has proved that the money was very well spent.

From May, 1888, to February, 1890, Mr. Morton was general freight agent of the road, and for the following six years was president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Southern Iowa Railroad and the Illinois Western, and on Jan. 1, 1896, was made third vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. He was advanced to second vice-president in February, 1898, and from that time up to the day he accepted the Navy portfolio was in full charge of all the traffic affairs of the great Santa Fé system.

In 1880 Mr. Morton married Miss Charlotte Goodridge of Kansas City. Two daughters were born to them, Caroline, who is now the wife of W. C. Potter, son of the president of the American Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, and Pauline, whose engagement to a son of Michael Cudahy, the millionaire meat packer of Omaha, was announced some time ago. Mrs. Morton and her unmarried daughter will spend the coming winter in Washington and the family will probably entertain considerably. Mr. Morton, however, will probably spend nine-tenths of his time at the Navy Department and have but little time for social affairs. According to his own statement, he can get more fun out of a good problem involving hard work than he can out of a good dinner, and at present the administration of the Navy Department affords many of the former.

White Geese Out With Owner for Airing

From the Boston Globe.

The unusual spectacle of a couple of perfectly white geese out for an airing with their owner is frequently seen about Medford. The birds waddle along at the man's heels, seemingly interested in all that goes on around them, but never swerving an inch to one side or the other.

Frisking around this queer lot is a little terrier; but the geese do not seem in the least afraid of him. First he bounds ahead of the group, to investigate something which has aroused his curiosity. Then, as if he had just recalled an imposed duty, he trots back and takes up his position in the trail of the birds.

JUDGE PARKER COLONIZING,

BUT THE ROSEMOUNT COLONISTS WON'T BE ABLE TO VOTE.

Chance for Every Good Democrat to Send a Useful Present to the Squire, Whose Fowls Are in Peril—Seventeen Cats on Hand, but More Are Needed.

ESOPUS, Sept. 17.—Ye Democrats who seek to gain favor at Rosemount, why write foolish letters to Judge Parker, telling him how much you admired his gold standard message or how fine you consider his views on the Constitution? Why pay three dollars odd to come here and grasp his hand?

All this has been done—and done brown—by others. Better hark back to the advice your grandmother gave to Uncle Herbert at Christmas when you were a boy: make him a useful present.

Send the Judge a cat.

He is collecting cats—nay, colonizing them. The cry at Rosemount is not for votes, but for cats.

When the maids, with trembling lips, say to Jake Robinson, "Have any come to-day?" and the veteran coachman sadly shakes his head, they refer not to statesmen, but to cats. Better a tomcat than a Tom Taggart.

The mails come, filled with letters from Democratic worshippers, but Rosemount looks at them with dull eyes. It is the expressman's arrival that is awaited with eagerness. Perchance he bears a cat.

If so, he is escorted as a hero to the barn, where the new prize is received into the feline fold. Up to date seventeen cats are in the corral and more are to come.

'Tis harvest time, you see, and the rats are rampant. In other years Judge Parker took personal charge of the anti-rat campaign and was considered successful. This fall he is too much occupied with other affairs and the rats have flourished.

Fred H. Parker, farmer pro tem., has done his best with traps and poison, but he has failed. The rats grew in size and numbers until it became necessary to send out a clarion call for cats.

From Accord, where Mrs. Parker lived, and where the Judge once taught school, came two old cats and three kittens. From the Parker farm near Cortland three cats came marching to the fray.

Friends of the family in Kingston and Albany kissed their pets good-by and bade them to go to Rosemount. The cats piled in, meowing "No quarter!" All day and all night the barn echoes with the sound of the determined pounce, the squeak of the victim and the cry of triumph.

And yet there are not enough slayers. Not a night passes but some fine chicken is found in his house with his throat chewed from ear to ear. The quacking of affrighted ducks wakes the Presidential candidate and causes Fred Parker to wish that he was back in New York.

So more cats must be had. Le them be of the best, with sharp claws, large appetites and the patience to watch a rat runway for hours. The proud Angora and the commonor garden cat are welcome alike. This is a cat democracy.

It must save the Judge's fowls and stores. Cats sent here must be safe, sane and sound. They need not be conservative. Rather, they can go as far as they like.

If every Democrat in the country will send to the Judge a brawny cat in the prime of life, adapted to the ratting business and not afraid of work, all anxiety about the rats will be at an end. It would be a proud day for the candidate when he could look from his window and see 5,000,000 cats at his beck and call.

Democrat, will you help?